Del., Lack. and Western R. R.

Newark and Bloomfield Branch.

TO NEW YORK.

Leave Glenridge—6.06, 7.17, 7.54, 8.30, 9.17, 10.37, 11.37, a. m., 12.43, 1.43, 3.33, 4.42, 5.27, 6.13, 6.57, 8.18, 9.43, 11.08 p. m. 12.37 a. m.

Leave Bloomfield—6.08, 7.19, 7.56, *8.32, 9.19, 10.35, 11 39, a m. 12.46, 1.45, 3.35, 4.44, 5.29, 6.15, 6.59, 8.20, 9.45, 11.10, p m., 12,39 a m.

Leave Watsessing—6.10, 7.21, 7.58, 9.21, 10.41, 11.41 a. m. 12.49, 1.48, 3.38, 4.46, 5.31, 6.18 7.02, 8.23, 9. 48, 11. 12 p m., 12.41 a. m.

* Does not stop at Newark.

FROM NEW YORK.

Leave Barclay Street—6.30, 7.20, 8.10, 9.30, 10.30 11.20 a m., 12.40, *1.20, 2.10 3.40, 4.20, 4.50, 5.30, 6.20, 7.00, 8.30, 10.00 11.30 p m.

Leave Newark for Bloomfield—6.40, 7.15, 7.53, 8.43, 10.03, 11.03, 11.53, a m., 1.13, *1.53, 2.44, 4.13, 5.26, 6.03, 6.53, 7.40, 9.03, 10.38 p m., 12.08 a m.

*Saturdays only.

NOTE—Leave Christopher street 5 minutes later than time given above.

N. Y. & Greenwood Lake R. R.

TO NEW YORK.

Leave Bloomfield—5.34, 6.48, 7.06, 7.56, 8.33, 8.56, 10.28, a. m., 1.41, 3.26, 4.47, 6.36, 9.26, 11.25 p m

FROM NEW YORK

Leave Chambers Street—6.00., 8.30, 9.00, a. m., 12; m., 1.45, 3.40, 4.40, 5,10, 5.40, 6.20, 8.00, 10.00 p. m., 12 midnight.

Sunday Trains from New York, 8.37 A M and 8.07 P M. Sunday Trains from New York, via Orange Branch, 8.37, 11.07 A M, 6.07, 8.37 P M. Sunday Train to New York, leave Bloomfield at 7.50 a. m. and at 7.22 P M.

To New York via Orange Branch on Sundays, Leave Bloomfield Avenue at 7.49, 10.24, A M, 5 24, 7.51 P M.

[Continued from First Page.]

grave has been and now is suffering from a disease which during that period has rendered him incapable of attending to business and from which he is now undoubtedly dying.

The failure to pay this last premium was wholly due to this fact. Mrs. Pelgrave, the beneficiary, knew nothing of the matter. A few days ago I called for some papers (partnership articles), and the procuring of them for me resulted in Mrs. Pelgrave accidentally discovering two Life policies—one in your company, and the other in a Mutual Benefit Association. A check was immediately sent to you, but Mr. Sands wrote back stating that the rule of the company would require Mr. Pelgrave to appear for examination or furnish satisfactory evidence as to his health.

* * * * * * * *

Under the circumstances, I ask, on behalf of Mr. and Mrs. Pelgrave, that you will, as a matter of equity, waive any claim of forfeiture and accept the premium.

If the check does not include the interest on the overdue premium, the interest will be at once forwarded.

I make this request without the slightest reference to the legal rights of either party. I neither make nor waive at present any legal claim.

I address myself solely to your judgment of what is morally due to your policy-holders and what is good for a great life insurance company.

—Mr. Pelgrave has paid to you a sum which with simple interest amounts to over $6,000. He did this to insure his wife to the extent of $15,000, against loss from his dying. His dying, with the failure to receive the usual notice, has prevented the prompt payment of the last premium. Is it possible that the very event against which Mr. Pelgrave made such careful and expensive provision is itself to defeat that provision? Must wives leave the dying beds of their husbands to look for insurance policies?

I respectfully submit that Life Insurance is far less valuable than the public generally are led to believe, if forfeitures can be established in such cases as these.

When women or infants are the beneficiaries, a policy-holder would be obliged to select very carefully his time in the year for dying, and carefully avoid having too long a last illness, or else his policy would be worthless.

But I will not enlarge farther on this subject, as I suppose you have often considered it. If you approve of the view of this case which I have presented, will you kindly act at once? In any event please favor me with a prompt reply.

One of your examining physicians, Dr. E. J. Marsh, has attended Mr. Pelgrave and knows of his present condition, and although I have not seen Dr. Marsh on the subject, I venture to refer to him on the character and standing of my clients.

Respectfully yours;
EUGENE STEVENSON.

The counsel of Mr. Pelgrave were informed of the company's action October 28th, and the next day the following letter was received in reply:

LAW OFFICES
OF
STEVENSON & RYLE.
EUGENE STEVENSON. | PETER RYLE.
Paterson, N. J., Oct. 29th, 1887.

ISAAC F. LLOYD, ESQ.,
Vice-President of the Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York:

DEAR SIR:—I have received your letter of yesterday informing me of the decision in regard to the policy upon the life of Mr. Charles B. Pelgrave, and enclosing the receipt for the premium due Sept. 14th, 1887. We are indeed deeply gratified at the result, and on behalf of Mr. and Mrs. Pelgrave, I desire to thank your company most sincerely for its honorable and generous action.

At a later day I shall see that proper public mention is made of this incident in such manner as to interest all who are interested in Life Insurance.

Very truly yours,
EUGENE STEVENSON.

The Mutual Life Insurance Company owes much of its popularity and wonderful success to the spirit of equity with which it has dealt with policy-holders when issues like this have arisen. Whatever is honorable, whatever is just, that the policy-holder is certain to secure. No legal quibble is raised to prevent the completion of the contract. The company, while retaining its legal rights, will not take advantage of the laches of the insured, but regards the interest of the policy-holder. Mr. Pelgrave intended to provide for his family and while his mind was clear and body strong he faithfully kept his part of the contract; now the Mutual Life will not permit his own remissness to deprive his family of the protection he sought.

A Wonderful Occurrence Explained

L. T. Boyd, living at 466 Wayne street, Jersey City, writes us: "The most wonderful occurrence in my life was occasioned by the use of Paxine. I suffered agonies for two years from dyspepsia and malaria. I could not sleep, my weight fell sixty pounds, and no matter how light the food or the quantity eaten it caused distress. I spent hundreds of dollars in doctors' fees and for medicine without benefit. Three months ago I heard of Paxine and have taken it ever since with miraculous results. I can now eat any kind of food, have gained over forty pounds in flesh, and there is no trace of dyspepsia or malaria in my system." Paxine is sold by druggists, or delivered free by express to any address in the United States on receipt of price, 50c. and $1.00 a bottle. Instructive pamphlet mailed free. The Dennis M'f'g. Co. (Limited), 20 Vesey street, New York. See advertisement in this paper.

MR. BERGH ON DUTY.

Interfering in Behalf of a Fallen Horse. Under Arrest—A Surprise.

On the corner of Avenue A he observes an overladen horse vainly struggling with a towering load of heavy boxes. The horse has fallen down and the brutal driver is endeavoring to beat him into a perpendicular position. His efforts are fruitless. A crowd has gathered around the scene and various street gamins are encouraging the driver to still greater cruelty. Mr. Bergh presses his way into the center of the throng

"Take off half those boxes and your horse will go all right," he exclaims.

"He'll go without that," is the unfeeling reply, as the driver's blows fall with redoubled force upon the animal's head.

"Stop beating him, and do as I tell you, or I'll arrest you."

At this a cry of derision goes up from the crowd. An officer arrives at this moment, and gruffly inquires the cause of the disturbance.

"Officer, arrest this man!" orders Mr. Bergh.

The officer looks first at one of the men and then at the other. He is acquainted with the brutal driver, of whom he asks the full particulars of the affair.

"My horse fell down," he explains, "and as I was getting him up this man interfered and threatened to arrest me."

"Officer," interposed Mr. Bergh, calmly, while the crowd enjoys the scene with hilarious delight, "I order you to arrest that man."

"I'll do nothing of the sort," returns the officer, "but I'll arrest you. Come with me to the station house."

"Wait until I take this man's name and number and I'll go," replies Mr. Bergh.

This information is soon obtained and the pair start for the station. Before they had gone two blocks the officer, who was nonplussed at the prisoner's willingness to accompany him, began to fear that he had been led into a blunder.

"I don't know as I care about arresting you," he remarks.

"Yes, you do. You interfered with me in the performance of my duty and now you must take me to the station house."

"I don't want to. You can go."

"I will go and you shall go with me. If you won't arrest me, I'll arrest you."

"You?" in tones of the deepest amazement.

"Yes," displaying his gold badge as an officer of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

"Are you Mr. Bergh?"

"It makes no difference who I am. You come with me."

At this point in the journey the officer's composure entirely gave way. He begged and pleaded. He said it would ruin his future. He was a new man on the force. He did not see the driver beat his horse very much. He had a wife and five children who would starve if he was discharged. At last Mr. Bergh's pity was touched. Taking the man's name and number and warning him that a repetition of such lukewarmness would be instantly reported, he left him and walked briskly in the direction of the abattoirs on Avenue A.—Benjamin Northrop in New York Mail and Express.

Extensive Outdoor Advertising.

On great thoroughfares some men are only too glad to put up fences for the owners and consider the permission a privilege. And they erect costly fences at that. Where an old building on Broadway, for instance, is being raised, a master bill poster or advertising sign man will fence the lot and pay something handsome for the exclusive use of the boards. He will use the best material and have the job done in first class style. When the big postoffice was in course of erection the contractor received a small fortune for the use of the extensive fence that surrounded the plot of ground, and the subcontracting advertising firm is said to have realized thousands of dollars during its protracted stay.

This was the beginning of this style of out-o'-door advertising that has since spread to every important city throughout the country. Two or three firms in this city employ as many as fifty men each who are expert letterers, and a few of them real artists in the way of pictorial work, who are sent all over the United States and the Canadas to make the rocks and hills tell of the virtues Smith's Lung Destroyer or some other patent nostrum. Stories are current of so much as $100,000 a year being expended in that way by the owner of one proprietary medicine, but that is a great deal to be obliged to believe. Still, it is evident that millions are paid out annually in mammoth lithographic and woodcut work and for the defacement of natural scenery. Barnum's posters alone cost about $30,000 a year, and then what is done for railway companies, weekly newspapers, big clothing houses, ocean steamship companies, and theatrical combinations make up the vast aggregate.—New York Times.

Betraying a Hidden Malady.

"How do I know that man had something the matter with his right ear?" repeated a Delaware street aurist with whom a reporter was talking. "Why, because he told me so. Didn't you see him do it?"

The reporter confessed that he had not heard the man make any remark as he passed the window where the aurist and the visitor were sitting.

"Well, he did it. Out there on the corner of my house I have a little tin sign containing my name, beneath which are the words, 'Eye and Ear.' Now, it is a very strange phenomenon, but nine men out of ten who are troubled with afflictions of the eye or ear will reveal the location of their disease when they see that sign. They do it unconsciously. A man passes in a deep brown study. He is oblivious of everything. Even the direction and style of his gait are mechanical. When he is opposite that sign he is mechanically reminded that he is interested in it and he begins to investigate the magnitude of his interest. If his eye is sore he will rub it; if he wears glasses he will take them off and wipe them, or if his hearing is bad he will put his hand to his ear. It is all mechanically done. Tha man to whom I called your attention put his hand to his right ear when he saw the sign. The demonstration is a freak of nature which shows that we can never become so engrossed in anything as to be regardless of ourselves."—Indianapolis Journal.

FETISHISM IN AFRICA.

A Terrible Belief That Spreads Out into Every Kind of Villainy.

So universal is this belief that almost every village of pagan Africa, particularly toward the west coast, has its fetish house, a grim and ghastly building, often ranged round with human skulls in every stage of decomposition, and a fetish man, who is its high priest. No human being surely ever had a more terrific power committed to him, and few have used it more unsparingly or unscrupulously. The fetish man is bound by no law; he recognizes no rules of evidence. Anything which happens, even in the ordinary course of nature, he may pronounce to be the work of a fetish or a wizard, and to need his assistance to ferret it out.

A heavy rainfall or a drought, a murrain among the cattle, a pestilence or a conflagration, a child devoured by a wild animal, an illness or a death, each and all of these may be pronounced to be "fetish;" somebody has done it, and he must be detected. So possessed are the natives by this belief, it so forms part of their being, that it never occurs to any one of them, though he knows that his own turn may come next, to question the reality of this uncanny power, and, in the panic terror which waits upon the movements of the fetish man and his decisions, the negro loses for a time some of his most essential and amiable characteristics, his frivolity, his light heartedness, even his family affection. A son will join in putting his father to death; a brother will help to tear to pieces a brother.

If the accused dares to deny the charge—which he seldom does, however preposterous or impossible it may be—he has to submit to some terrible ordeal, such as the r[illegible] full speed under an avenue of hooped arches about half his height, when, if he stumbles, or rather as soon as he stumbles, he is kicked to death; or the drinking of some deadly decoction, such as the casca bark, when his one chance of escape is handsomely to bribe the fetish man to give him the exact quantity or quality which will make him desperately sick before the poison has well begun its deadly work. In Ashantee and Dahomey, at Bonny and Calabar, in the Fan country and throughout Angola, this terrible belief prevails, and, as may well be imagined, it ramifies out into every kind of villainy and crime.—Nineteenth Century.

Qualifications of a Type Writer.

"Is not the type writing business somewhat overdone, and does it not offer a poor remuneration to women anxious to find a field for earning their own living?" inquired the reporter

"No, it is not overdone, simply for the reason that there are comparatively very few competent type writers. This being true it naturally presents a good opening for women to earn a living, provided they have the proper qualifications for success to start with. The essential one is a good education. The operator should above all be a good speller, and be intelligently informed about general affairs. Next good taste in arrangement of the various kinds of copy is necessary. The acquirement of the manipulation of the machine is a comparatively easy matter and can be readily accomplished in three months. Anybody can learn it. The speed of the writer depends, of course, on the amount of application and natural quickness of the learner. The manipulation is purely mechanical, but when it comes to turning out correct copy, with proper spelling, punctuation, etc., it becomes an entirely different matter.

But a comparatively small number of type writers possess the knowledge to do this. I could tell you instances numerous enough to fill a book, where lawyers and others have had to pay for imperfect work and afterward have been compelled to take it elsewhere to be copied correctly by a competent person. Perhaps they wouldn't pay a man for such slovenly or poor work, but they have sympathy for the girls, and so they pay them and talk savagely under their breath. There are lots of type writers who appear to be good operators, but if the truth were known it would be found that they change their offices frequently. As more intelligent women find their opportunities in this vocation, the unintelligent workers will be certainly crowded out into pursuits more suitable to their limited abilities, where knowledge is not so pre-eminent a requisite.—New York Evening Sun.

Realistic Effects.

Admiring Visitor—The action of those oxen drawing the load of hay is simply immense, old man; but I don't quite catch your idea in painting that explosion behind the hill.

Artist (with freezing hauteur)—Pardon me, that is not an explosion, but a representation of sunset in the Rockies, and that's not a load of hay and oxen, but the overland coach and a pair of horses.—Boston Beacon.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight alum or phosphate powders. *Sold only in cans.* ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall St., N. Y.

Sales Over 42,000,000 Lbs.

JOS. B. HARVEY,

SOLE AGENCY FOR

LONGMAN AND MARTINEZ.

ABSOLUTELY PURE PREPARED PAINT

Actual Cost Less than $1.25 per Gallon.

Highest Grade of Excellence.

Sold Under Guarantee.

Any Building Not Satisfactorily Painted, will be Re-Painted Free of Cost.

PAXINE

CURES Dyspepsia. Fever and Ague, Indigestion. Nervous Debility. Malaria Liver Complaints.

NON EST VIVERE, SED VALERE VITA

TRADE MARK.

PAXINE is the result of the best efforts of several prominent physicians and chemists. The ingredients are recognised by the profession as the most powerful and effective in overcoming the disorders for which it is recommended. It is scientifically prepared and is specific and certain in its effects, operating on the diseased parts only, without inflaming healthy organs. Physicians prescribe and recommend Paxine in the above stated complaints, and we are constantly receiving the highest encomiums as to its merits. Paxine is sold by druggists, or delivered free by express to any address in the United States on receipt of price, 50c. and $1.00 a bottle. Instructive pamphlet mailed free on application.

The Dennis Mfg. Co. (Limited), 20 Vesey St, N. Y.

A WONDERFUL OCCURRENCE.

L. T. Boyd, living at No. 466 Wayne Street, Jersey City, N J., writes: "The most wonderful occurrence in my life was occasioned by the use of Paxine. I suffered agonies for two years from malaria and dyspepsia. I could not sleep, my weight fell sixty pounds, and no matter how light the food or the quantity eaten, it caused distress. I spent hundreds of dollars in doctors' fees and for medicine without benefit. Three months ago I heard of Paxine, and have taken it ever since with almost miraculous results. I can now eat any kind of food, have gained over forty pounds in flesh, and there is no trace of malaria or dyspepsia in my system."

ABEL BAKER.

Wholesale and Retail

GROCER,

Bloomfield Center.

Offers to all friends and patrons, old and new the highest grades of Minnesota Patent and Winter

White Wheat Flour,

Fancy Creamery and Dairy Butter,

Fine Teas and Coffees a Specialty.

Also a Full Stock of

Fancy & Staple Groceries.

Prices always in accord with New York Markets

Deliveries Daily.

Your Patronage Solicited.

CHAS W. MARTIN,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

GROCER,

Bloomfield Ave. and Broad St.

Specialties:

Choice Teas and Coffees.

Creamery and Dairy

BUTTER.

MARTIN HUMMEL,

DEALER IN THE BEST QUALITIES OF

Lehigh and Wyoming COAL,

—ALSO—

Well Seasoned Wood,

SAWED OR SPLIT.

Yard on BROAD STREET. Near Inclined Plane.

Post Office Box 73.

Bloomfield, N. J.

R. E. Heckel & Sons

BUTCHERS,

Center Market, Bloomfield

PRIME FRESH, CORNED and SMOKED

MEATS.

Fresh Fruits and Vegetables in their Season.

Also a good selection of

Fresh Fish and Oysters.

Good Delivered. Orders solicited

Telephone No. 20.

JOHN. G. KEYLER,

General Furnishing

UNDERTAKER,

AND EMBALMER,

Bloomfield Avenue, Bloomfield.

Everything Pertaining to the Business Furnished.

JOHN RASSBACH & SON,

FLORISTS and NURSERYMEN

Cor. Midland & Maolis Aves.,

BLOOMFIELD.

The Bloomfield Savings Institution.

ABSTRACT OF

Annual Report to the Legislature.

According to Law, of its condition on the first day of January, 1888:

ASSETS.

Loans on Bond and Mortgage (first liens)	$8,100 00
Interest due and accrued	2,159.38
United States Bonds, market value,	19,500.00
Cash on hand and in Bank	9,877.49
	$119,936.87

LIABILITIES.

Due Depositors, including interest to date.	110,260 08
Surplus.	$9,676.79

Interest is credited to Depositors twice a year—on the first day of January and July—for the three and six months then expiring. Deposits made on or before the first business day in January April, July or October, bear interest from the first day of the month. All interest when credited at once becomes principal, and bears interest accordingly.

JONATHAN W. POTTER, *President.*
THOS. C. DODD, *Treasurer.*

THE New Jersey BUSINESS College.

764 and 766 Broad St.

NEWARK, N. J

DAY and EVENING Sessions. BOTH SEXES educated for Business. PENMANSHIP, BOOK-KEEPING, ARITHMETIC, SPELLING, CORRESPONDENCE, SHORTHAND, GERMAN, FRENCH; TYPEWRITING, PRACTICAL LAW, COMMERCIAL LAW, Etc. Tuition low. Refer to the hundreds of Students now in Business. New and beautiful Catalogues free. Resolutions engrossed.

N. B. Business men needing office help will please apply.

C. T. MILLER,
Principal.

COLEMAN Business COLLEGE. Newark, N. J.

BOYS, MIDDLE AGED MEN AND YOUNG LADIES.

Trained for a successful start in business life at

Coleman College, 707 to 713 Broad St.

Newark, N. J.

The largest and most popular school in the country. Course of study combines theory with practice by a system of business transactions based on real values. No vacations. Rates low. Graduates assisted to situations.

The College Journal and Illustrated Catalogue mailed on application.

H. COLEMAN, Principal.

ART SCHOOL.

Miss H. A. Shibley.

Thorough instruction in Drawing from Cast, Still Life, Sketching from Nature and Portraiture, Mineral, Oil and Water Colors. All branches of decorative art. Year begins September 13th,

MISS H. A. SHIBLEY,
Belleville, Ave., Bloomfield, N. J.

Montclair Boys' School.

SECOND HALF.

The Second Half of this School will open Feb 1, 1888, Parents desiring to secure seats for their sons should consult with the Principal at once.

Boys receive a thorough preparation for College or for Business.

J. G. McVICAR,
PRINCIPAL

SHERIFF'S SALE.—In Chancery of New Jersey.—Between Harriet A. Colton et al., executors, &c., of Demas Colton, deceased, complainants, and Aaron H Kent, et als, Defendants. Fi. fa., for sale of mortgaged premises.

By virtue of the above-stated writ of fieri facias to me directed, I shall expose for sale by public vendue, at the Court House in Newark, on Tuesday the twenty-eighth day of February next, at two o'clock P.M., all that tract or parcel of land and premises situate, lying and being in the township of Bloomfield, Essex county, New Jersey.

Beginning at the corner of John D. Huntington's land on the west side of the old road leading from Bloomfield to Newark; thence along said Huntington's line south forty-nine degrees west six chains and seventy-one links; thence along the same south thirty-two degrees and twenty five minutes east two chains and fifty-eight links; thence along the same south fifty-four degrees and thirty minutes west three chains and twenty-six links to Charles Farrand's land; thence with Charles Farrand's line south thirty-two degrees east two chains and twenty-eight links; thence along same line south two degrees west three chains and eighty-five links; thence along the line of lands of Jacob Ritscher and Caroline Denison north fifty-four degrees and forty five minutes east eleven chains and eighty-five links to said road; thence along the said road north twenty-nine degrees and forty-five minutes west four chains; thence along the same north thirty-two degrees twenty-five minutes east two chains fifty-eight links to the beginning. Containing seven acres and forty-three hundredths of an acre. Being the same premises conveyed to Aaron H. Kent by Susan Ward, by deed recorded in Book W, 7 of Deeds for Essex County on pages 203, etc.

Excepting and reserving therefrom the following described tract:

Beginning in the southerly side of the old road running from Bloomfield to Newark, at northwest corner of Robert R. Dawkens' land; thence along said old road north twenty-seven degrees fifteen minutes west fifty feet to line of road leading to said Aaron H. Kent; thence along last mentioned line south fifty seven degrees and forty-five minutes west one hundred and fifty feet; thence farther along Aaron H. Kent's land south twenty-seven degrees and fifteen minutes east, parallel with first course, fifty feet to Robert R. Dawken's land; thence along last mentioned land north fifty-seven degrees and forty-five minutes east and parallel with second course one hundred and fifty feet to the place of beginning.

Newark, N. J., January 23, 1888.

EDWIN W. BINE, Sheriff.

WHITEHEAD & CONDIT, Sol'rs. $9.90

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THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

Beautifully Illustrated. 25 cts., $3 a Year.

ITS SCOPE.—THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE gives preference to national topics and scenes, and its literature and art are of the highest standard. Famous American writers fill its pages with a wide variety of interesting sketches of travel and adventure, serial and short stories, descriptive accounts of our famous countrymen and women, brief essays on the foremost problems of the period, and, in short, this Magazine is

Distinctively Representative of American Thought and Progress.

It is acknowledged by the press and public to be the most popular and entertaining of the high-class monthlies.

IMPORTANT. A Specimen Number, with Illustrated Premium List, and Special Inducements in Cash or Valuable Premiums to Club Raisers, will be sent on receipt of 15c., if this paper is mentioned.

☞ Responsible and energetic persons wanted to solicit subscriptions. Write at once for exclusive territory.

ADDRESS,

THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE CO.,
749 Broadway, New York.

THE OLD LIFEBOAT.

The old lifeboat,
With its work of mercy done!
Left to crumble away on the shore,
To the heaping sand and the scoffing roar
Of the waves that nod on the glassy floor;
Left to parch in the summer sun,
To blacken and rot, for its course is run
The old lifeboat,
That used to float
Over the silver waves remote.

The old lifeboat!
How it stood in service days
Clad in white with a star on its prow,
(But the star has set on its old side now),
And the coils of rope at the shapely bow;
Sturdy oars that were steady in place,
At cry of alarm ever ready to raise,
The old lifeboat
We oft would note
Far on the sea like a sunny mote.

The old lifeboat!
By the lighthouse shadow long,
Salt winds whispering now through its cracks
Murmur over and over remembered facts
Of the purple calm and the tempest packs,
Sinking ships, and the booming strong,
The summon to save, and the anxious throng
Round th' old lifeboat,
Pushed off to float
Over the lashing waves remote.

The old lifeboat!
By the shore and shifting tide!
There the dreamer will often delay,
And the lovers lean at the close of day,
And the seamen pause, and the children play
Is it for naught that it should abide?
What matter it then though it be denied
The old lifeboat
Again to float
Over the silver waves remote!

—Edward Abram Valentine.

A Curious Old Clock.

There is a clock on exhibition at the San Francisco mining bureau which is very curious in construction, and, though over 200 years old, keeps excellent time. It is inclosed in a long glass case on a three foot stand. The clock is but twelve inches long and about eight wide. It is made of Japanese brass and has two side doors, which are kept open in order to allow visitors to see its unique construction. Instead of the hands moving they remain at a standstill, while the dial continually goes round and every minute a small weight moves up a peg. The face is covered with Japanese characters. The clock is wound up daily by pulling two small weights, which are attached to a cord and move a larger and heavier weight so as to touch the works. This clock was the property of the mikado's household for over 150 years.—Chicago News.

Might Talk Too Much.

Manager William H. Eckert said he did not expect to see any radical change in the form of the telephone, save perhaps a contrivance to hold the receiver to the ear and leave the listener both hands free. He laughed when asked as to the practical use of a telephone audible to a person sitting several feet away from the instrument. "That has been perfected," he said, "but nobody cares for it. We were all amused and delighted with the invention when it was first shown, but after awhile it was agreed by experts that the thing was not likely to be of practical value. No one cares to have a thing in his office that will talk right out at the most inopportune moment. There are none in use, as far as I know."

Two Marriages in France.

There are always two marriages in France before the groom can claim his bride—first the marriage at the mayor's office or civil marriage, and then the church marriage. Two, and sometimes three, days pass between the two ceremonies, during which time the announcement of the civil marriage is posted up on the court house door, and the young couple are not allowed to see each other. The civil marriage is a quiet affair, the bride wearing street costume, and the members of her own and her husband's families being the only persons present. The second ceremony is in accordance with the wealth of the groom and the position he holds in society.—The Argonaut.

Thought He Was Lucky.

He was a belated citizen going home. As he turned into High street from Beaubien a pedestrian suddenly confronted him and said:

"Mister, if you would please be so kind as to tell me what time it is, I'd be"——

"Just striking one!" was the reply, as the belated shot out with his right and knocked the fellow into the gutter.

The victim crawled out after a period of inactivity, gathered up a big ball of snow for his nose to bleed on, and muttered to himself:

"Wasn't I in luck that it wasn't just striking 'leven or twelve!"—Detroit Free Press.

Only Wanted Enough.

Not long since a buxom, newly arrived daughter of Erin found herself the only passenger on a steamboat whose dock adjoins a slip from which rowboats are hired. Just as the lines were about to be cast off she approached the mate of the steamboat, and, with artless politeness, exclaimed: "Ah, sur ye needn't take me in this big boat. Wan av thim small wans will do."

The official was so surprised at this thoughtfulness that his eyes got as big as saucers, and he walked away in silence, not daring to give expression to the words his tongue would utter.—New York Evening Sun.

A Sad State of Affairs.

Old Mrs. Bently—Have ye heerd anything about Mrs. Brown lately, Obadiah?

Old Mr. Bently—She died several days ago. I thought ye knew that?

Old Mrs. Bently—I never heerd of it. Poor soul! An' so she's dead?

Old Mr. Bently—Yes, dead an' buried.

Old Mrs. B.—An' buried, too! Oh, my! Wuss an' wuss!—New York Sun.

The First Salutation.

The first kiss between the spinster patroness of a matrimonial bureau and the man introduced to her by the marriage broker as her "future husband," is described by hangers on as being amusing to a degree. They seem afraid of each other, until finally the woman rushes at him, and he seems glad it's over.—New York Graphic.

Something About Parasites.

"Pa, here's a piece in the paper about parasites. What is parasites, pa?"

"Parasites, my boy? Why, parasites are the people who live in Paris. Thine, you ought to know that, and you in the Third Reader."—Woman's Magazine.

Some Consolation.

Visitor—Don't you miss your little nephew very much, Freddie?

Freddie (whose nephew died the week before)—Yes, I miss him very much, but I like to be the uncle of an angel.—Life.

Naturally Indignant.

After church:

Spoggs—Was it not disgraceful, the way in which Smiggs snored in church today?

Stuggs—I should think it was. Why, he woke us all up.—The Review.

Dreadfully Afraid.

The wages of sin is death, and, if you will notice it, there are a great many persons in this world who seem to be dreadfully afraid that they won't earn their wages.—Boston Transcript.

Fearfully Big Feet.

It was an Irish lady who once amused her auditors greatly by remarking in a rueful tone, in the course of a conversation on the size of feet: "My feet are fearfully big—regular cubic feet."

Talking Down the Tube.

Patron—Give me a piece of pie and a glass of milk.

Waiter (vehemently)—One clock weight and a chalk quarry.—Nebraska State Journal.

A man discovers when he isn't wanted by a tardy process of reason. The woman discovers it instinctively.

A PLUCKY MULE.

RUNNING THE GAUNTLET OF CONFEDERATE CANNON.

Hauling a Load of Ammunition [illegible] Fire from Fort Sumter and [illegible] Wagner—A Critical Moment—[illegible] Shot—Safe.

Sometimes the mule is called [illegible] special service, requiring [illegible] he does not generally receive [illegible] lines were tightening about Charleston [illegible] Admiral Dahlgren's fleet began [illegible] the harbor, and rendered it [illegible] the troops on shore to advance [illegible] hope of being able to hold points [illegible] untenable. During the night a detachment of the Tenth corps dislodged a [illegible] the eastern end of Morris island and [illegible] daylight came had thrown up [illegible] able beginning for a field work. It [illegible] was within easy range of Fort Sumter [illegible] Battery Wagner, and every Confederate gun that could be brought to bear [illegible] shell into the little earthwork. It [illegible] that an attempt was about to be [illegible] carry the place by assault, and w[illegible] were men enough to hold it, the [illegible] short of ammunition. The only [illegible] road was a mile and a half of hard [illegible] sand beach, commanded from end to end by the Confederate batteries.

But there was a combination in the [illegible] camp that was equal to the emergency, namely, a fleet mule and a plucky [illegible] The mule is mentioned first, [illegible] has long since kicked his last [illegible] driver, if he still survives, will [illegible] that without the mule he could not have [illegible] what he did. It may be assumed that the mule had a good feed of oats before [illegible] called upon to run the gauntlet, and [illegible] the driver, too, may then have felt [illegible] in fortifying the inner man. Be that as it may, just before noon a few boxes of ammunition were thrown into the lightest [illegible] wagon, and, after looking the harness [illegible] carefully, the driver took his seat [illegible] shelter of the sand hills. The mule [illegible] with his extensive ears raking aft [illegible] wicked gleam in his eye, as if the oats were beginning to rise into his brain.

"Good-by, boys! G'up, mule!" and the equipage started down through the [illegible] to the hard level of the beach. [illegible] his head and executed a [illegible] felt the damp sand under his feet [illegible] soothed him with endearing words. It [illegible] not yet dawned upon the Confederates that the expedition was intended for the relief of the garrison. But presently the gleam of intelligence was indicated with a rush in the shape of a shell from the southeast of Sumter. It struck the water [illegible] in line, ricocheted, and [illegible] the marsh; but it was the signal for [illegible] Up went the whip, and the mule [illegible] his mighty hind legs under him. For a moment it was uncertain whether he was going to kick or run, but a few remarks from the driver convinced him that there was a demand for forward movement, so he [illegible] for all he was worth. At least thirty guns commanded that stretch of beach, and they pounded away as fast as they could be fired. Now and then a shell would burst rather too near the mule's ears for comfort, and he would sheer violently and try to make for home. But the gallant driver plied the lash and held him to his work.

At length a ten inch shell tore up the beach and exploded near that the [illegible] was entirely demoralized; but not so the driver. Leaping down from his seat he caught the mule by the head, backed him rapidly round once or twice, and was off again on the keen jump before the gunners could get his range as a fixed object. On he went, and at last dashed into the redoubt, but there was no shelter in it for the mule. His ears waved conspicuously above the lying parapet.

The ammunition boxes were tumbled out unceremoniously, and the mule's nose pointed for home! With the lightened load and the prospects of unlimited fodder, he beat the previous record. But the Confederate artillerists were on their metal now. They had failed to stop the supplies, but their hearts burned for revenge. Their shots now came more from the rear, and bets were freely offered with no takers, on what the result would be should the mule have a fair chance to kick a ten inch shell, as it were, "on the fly." The crescendo scream of shell chasing him up the beach, lent wings to his heels, and he fairly flew toward the sheltering sand hills. There were only a few rods more to be covered when some careful gunner made a close calculation as to the lengthening range, and pulled his lanyard almost in the nick of time. The huge mass of iron struck the beach, as it seemed to the anxious spectators, exactly behind the wagon, and the next instant nothing was to be seen there but a cloud of white smoke and brown sand. In an instant, however, this floated away, and the mule was seen vigorously reducing to kindling wood what was left of the quartermaster's wagon.

And the driver, where is he? Well, he was apparently knocked over by the explosion, but he got on his feet in a moment, and having cut the traces, was on the mule's back in another, waving his hat in response to the cheers that rolled across the water from Yankee blue jackets, from Confederate garrisons, and from the dark blue masses that crowned the distant sand dunes.

It is a pity that the driver's name has not been preserved, for his daring act certainly deserves recognition and reward. Perhaps he received both, but the writer has been unable to find mention of the fact.—Adrian Rexford in American Magazine.

Cod Fishing as a Sport.

A traveler on Cape Breton Island says that cod fishing is anything but an exhilarating sport. He thinks the following is a very good imitation of it: Attach a thirty pound dumb bell to a thin line about 100 feet in length, and throw it overboard. Pay out line until the bottom has been touched, wait a minute or two and then pull up the line as rapidly as possible until the dumb bell has reached the gunwale of the boat. At this stage of the proceedings drop dumb bell and all into the water again, and repeat the process ad libitum. Be sure to get yourself thoroughly wet from the line, or wear malodorous, second hand oil-skins and have your hands blistered in as many places as convenient. Meanwhile imagine that you are excited over something, and the whole performance will closely resemble cod fishing.—Chicago News.

Progress in Dentistry.

"But speaking about false teeth," said the dentist, "the next thing we are going to make is teeth that will look so much like natural teeth that the closest inspection will not be able to tell the difference. Here is a set I made as an experiment for an old lady. You see that all the teeth are discolored, and most of them are irregular. Here's one that looks as though it had been broken off a little. Here's another little point—that gold filling in there. That would deceive anybody. With the perfect arrangement we have now for holding the plate in place, there is no danger that anybody can detect those teeth from the genuine ivory. A set of teeth like that is a work of art, isn't it? Ars celare artem, eh?"—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Useful in Diphtheria.

A commission of the Paris Academy of Medicines finds that hydrofluoric acid, which is highly antiseptic, has a therapeutic action when inhaled. It consists, however, from the opinion of the experts that the inhal[illegible] consumption, but considers that they may be useful in diphtheria.—Arkansaw Traveler.

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